

ELKS' THEATRE TUESDAY FEB. 18TH



SEAT SALE EMPRESS THEATER

A MARVELOUS AND UNIQUE SCENIC PRODUCTION

of the famous SONG PLAY

By GENE STRATTON-PORTER

Author of 'A Girl of the Limberlost' 'The Harvester,' Etc.

A supreme Novelty with Brilliant Flashes of WIT, MUSIC AND PATHOS

Here is a CLEAN, WHOLESOME, BULLY YOUNG PLAY

Presented by a perfect assemblage of Broadway players.

Prices \$1.00 to \$2.00

MUSIC AND DRAMA

by Maitland Davies.

Monday Miss Kitty Cheatnam... Tuesday 'Freckles'... Thursday 'The Prince of Pilsen'... Saturday Mine Griselda... Elks

After an unusually empty week comes one full to overflowing. Surely there is no type of theatergoers who will not find something to his liking between now and next Sunday.

Tomorrow brings Miss Kitty Cheatnam, long expected and hoped for. We believe that the engagement will prove the most delightful event of the season.

On Tuesday 'Freckles' a dramatization of Gene Stratton-Porter's novel of that name by Nell Twomey, will be presented. It is the love story of a homeless Irish boy in the great Limberlost Swamps of Indiana.

One night's rest and then on Thursday comes 'The Prince of Pilsen' one of the most timely modern comedies. The music will never grow old and its fun is wholesome and contagious.

Enter once more Oscar Hammerstein with the simple and direct an-

ouncement that notwithstanding, regardless, and in spite of the fact that the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Co. have forbidden him to do so, he not only can but assuredly, positively, absolutely and unquestionably will give grand opera in New York next season. He has secured a centrally located theater quite suitable for his requirements, is now trying the voices of aspiring artists and has already signed contracts with some of them.

While on the subject of operas we are reliably informed that the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Co. will give a twelve week season in New York next year in spite of the vigorous denials of the Metropolitan company.

Now it is Lillian Russell who is to return to the stage. You may remember that 'the fair Lillian' is now Mrs. Alexander MacKenzie Moore of Pittsburg, Pa., and made her positively farewell appearance with the Weber and Fields Jubilee last spring. However, we all change our minds at times and at least her return is to be something different. It is to be in Kinemacolor. She is to lecture on dress, beauty, and other topics of particular interest to women; illustrating the remarks with moving pictures in Kinemacolor. The Miss Russell expects to make her appearance in New York sometime this month.

'The Honeymoon Express' arrived safely at the Winter Garden last Saturday and broke all records on its way. The critics agree that it is an unusual success, a whirlwind of fun and a riot of color. Miss Gaby Deslys, and Al. Jolson, the stars of first magnitude, Ned. Wayburn,

the producer, Joseph Herbert the librettist and the always adorable Ada Lewis came in for ungrudging praise. In speaking of Miss Deslys one critic has this to say:

'What an awful thing—and yet perhaps what a great saving of trouble it would have been to Miss Gaby Deslys if she had become the vaudeville vogue before she leaves came into fashion and Modier Eye established the first dressmaking establishment in the Garden of Eden as far as this pretty, graceful, and vivacious young person was concerned she termed the entire first act of 'The Honeymoon Express' at the Winter Garden last night into a dress parade. Never did a woman wear more gowns within a given time, and with each gown the little republic maker wore a new set of pearls and something novel in the line of head crosses. You could scarcely call them hats, for they varied in size from one black plume effect, which made her look like a rather exuberant Stephen Merritt hoarse to a white ostrich effect which makes her look like the tail end of a lady ostrich who had suddenly seen a ghost—'t Stephen Merritt hoarse to a white ostrich effect, which made her and was ready to do battle. The clothes were all more or less beautiful, according to one's point of view, but the fair Gaby needed none of them. What fame she won from her audience did not come from her clothes at all. As a matter of fact the major portion of the audience liked her much better when she appeared in her chemise in the second act.

'She sang a rather lugubrious love song in her own not unmusical voice and her particular brand of English, and she danced, whenever her clothes would allow her to do so, very gracefully. Miss Gaby, if she only knew it, would win her audience far more effectively if, for once without any jewels to make her look years older than she really is. She has too much grace and natural cleverness to allow herself to be swamped entirely by clothes.'

As to Al. Jolson, it is conceded that he is funnier than he has ever been before, which means that he is just about a hundred times more funny than anyone who is playing on Broadway today.

From all reports it will take an awful pile of hot weather to wreck 'The Honeymoon Express.'

Talk of carrying coats to New Castle! The Metropolitan Opera Co. of New York is seriously considering



Kitty Cheatnam

a proposition to give a season of German opera in Berlin and Munich in the spring of 1914. So great is the fame of the German operas, particularly 'Die Meistersingers,' 'Tristan and Isolde' and 'Gottterdammerung,' as given by the wonderful organization under the direction of Arturo Toscanini, that all Germany is anxious to hear them and the Kaiser himself has requested Mr. Otto Kahn to use his influence to secure a season there under his royal patronage.

When Gatti-Cozza was made managing director of the Metropolitan a few years ago and installed

Toscanini as his director-in-chief, the lovers of the German thought it meant a farewell to all the Wagnerian works and the almost exclusive exploitation of Italian operas. Instead of which, Toscanini has proven himself the greatest Wagnerian conductor since the late greatly beloved Anton Seidl, and German opera has more numerous and elaborate productions than ever before.

The air is full of opera gossip these days. Newly arriving German stars added to the polyglot of long-uses at the Metropolitan. Then in the next few days that rare bird grand opera in English will have its lining—for a minute—when 'Cyrano de Bergerac' with music by Walter Damrosch and English words by Mr. W. J. Henderson, the famous musical critic of the New York Sun will be produced at the Metropolitan.

And now the Aborns, Milton and Sargent, are planning a permanent English grand opera company on Broadway, of course many others have planned the same thing, but that was as far as it went. The Aborns are old hands at the game and are about the only firm who have been at all successful with it. They have floated a \$100,000 corporation to finance the scheme and Felix Isman is said to have offered to build a new opera house for them. It may be he will use the 42nd street property on the east side of Broadway, which he recently purchased for that purpose.

The idea is to give a season of twenty-eight weeks and produce twenty-five operas including those of the 'Niedungun Ring' or course it may go through, but then again it may not. There is mid-winter as well as mid-summer madness.

Last week Lorraine Hollis died from starvation in a little room on West 49th street, less than a block from Broadway. A very few years ago she was an extremely beautiful

woman. Twenty years ago she was one of the most talked of women on the stage. She died in poverty, practically friendless and alone save for her many cats.

Miss Hollis was born in San Francisco and it is not so very long ago that she was voted to be the most beautiful woman in California. She posed for the famous painting of St. Cecilia by Ashley Cooper. She was a member of Augustin Daly's famous old stock company. She toured the country as a star in 'Forget-Me-Not.' She was known from coast to coast and from Canada to Mexico, and she starved to death alone a block from Broadway.

One night while hurrying to a vaudeville theater where she was the headline act, the horse that was drawing her cab slipped and fell on the city pavement. Miss Hollis got out and when she saw the brutal methods the cabman was using to get the horse on its feet she became very angry and in attempting to interfere slipped and sprained her own ankle. She took another cab and in spite of the excruciating pain she was suffering personally appeared and explained why she must discontinue her audience. 'I have four legged brutes' she said 'but I hate two legged ones.' Her cat 'Tom' was known in nearly every theater in the country and of all her many friends he was the only one who was with her when she died.

In 'The Sunshine Girl' the Knickerbocker theater has its second big success of the season. Miss Julia Sanderson the star comes in for much praise; but Mr. Vernon Castle ran away with the honors of the night. Mr. Castle who is a charming young Englishman has been con-

demned to play all sorts of freak parts from an animated string bean to a frapped asparagus tin, for some years past but at last one manager has dared to let him appear as his own charming self, with the result that there is a new star on Broadway. Even if his name is not in electric letters it is the consensus of opinion that the brightness of 'The Sunshine Girl' is but the reflection of Mr. Castle and his beautiful wife.

Eddie McGoorty says he will box Jimmy Clabby in Milwaukee before he meets Tony Capon in the boat scheduled for Winnipeg.

Rube Marquard's press work for his vaudeville stunt consists chiefly of a huge slam at Manager McGraw. Rube insists he has quite baseball on account of Mac's shabby treatment.

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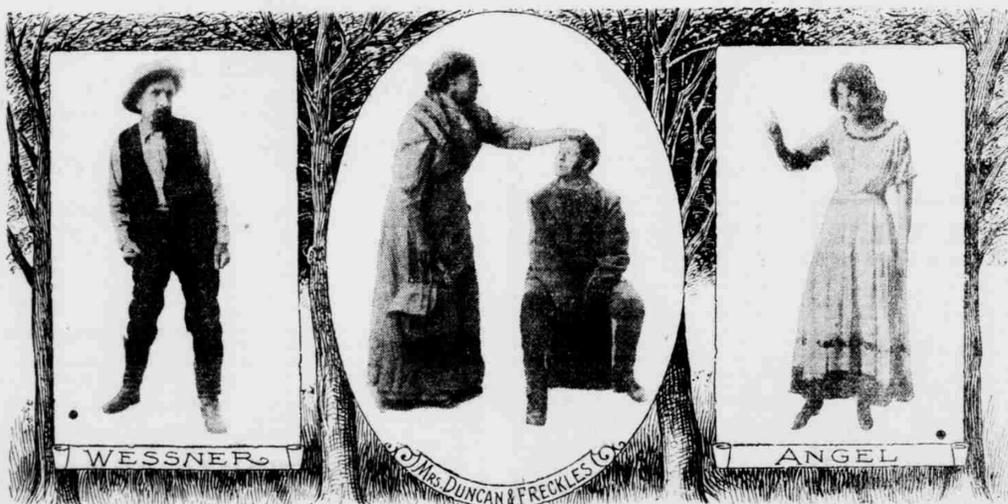
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Scene and Character Types in 'Freckles,' a Dramatization of Gene Stratton-Porter's Famous Novel at the Elks' Theater, Tuesday, February 18th.